

Shall I wete yf he be a man
 to haue good daye
 to the pauplyon he rode
 to the mayden as she stode
 was her brother gape
 yght she sayd here cometh one
 the harn hym to our gone
 now and se
 to the wyll dure in fgyht
 munte ye saue neuer a better knyght
 shall fynde hym spkerly
 now my brother syz Brandes
 warre full slye y wps
 you shall fynde
 the hyppassynge lye a knyght
 orde ye shall fynde hym wpyght
 her this lynde
 sayn Sarwayne he is full lye
 the suffer and to stryke
 the handes a man
 not or now this peres the
 the lye a man to be
 and by saynt Johan
 the Brandes the knyght gay
 the hyghe and thus gan say
 the thou the cheuele re
 the thatt he sayd on hyght
 the wyll I fgyht
 the thou shalte lere
 the done me dyshonoure grete
 the not now amendement gete



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Let me make amendes and you maye
 O thou begyn this werke
 Syr and I haue ought mysdone
 Tell me and it shall be amended soone
 All gentylnesse to fulfyll
 I haue ben bestad today full sore
 Shame it were topreue me ony more
 But here I am at your wyll
 I wys quod Bzandles that is sothe
 But I must nedes holde myne othe
 Thou hast done so yll
 My fader and my brederne thou hast beten bothe
 To accorde I were therof full lothe
 My worshyp to fulfyll
 Now sayd Gawayne syth it is so
 I must nedes me dayue thereto
 This daye god lende me grace
 For my swerde shall do none advantage
 Let vs se how well we can autrage
 If I may dure ought in this trace
 Gramercy sayd Bzandles in good faye
 Now shall you se me make good playe
 Of knyghthode thou hast no pere
 I am ryght glad that thou hast myght
 But sorry I am that we wante daye lyght
 But amended is my there
 They fought tog yder these knyghtes good
 Thugh the haburgeons ranne the reed blood
 That pyte it was to se
 They fought tog yder with such pye
 That after flamed out the fyre

he boughe in his hande he dyde bynge
 on a Joly courlere
 he was trapped in reed beluet
 pouches of golde theron was set
 myghtode he had noperre
 his houle was armed before
 and the brest and no moze
 in fyne stele
 he was armed passenge sure
 that wolde strokes endure
 he be proued ryght wele
 myght bare on his heed a pomell gaye
 on his houle stert yuge out of þ waye
 as he came aboute
 he had that was of renoune
 a blacke fawcowne
 he was of syluer without
 in his hande a spere he bare
 stronge and longe I make you ware
 of a trusty tree
 he was an heed theron of stele wrought
 beste that myght be made or bought
 well assayed had be
 of pleasaunce a kercheyf honge
 he it was moze than thye elles longe
 hooded all with golde
 was a knyght of large and lengthe
 proued well of moche strengthe
 he hym who so wolde
 of golde also he had on

She hath caused to daye moche shame parde
It is pyte she hath her lyght
Syr knyght sayd syr Gawayne haue good days
For on fote I haue a longe waye
An hofse were me wonder dere
Sometyme good hofles I haue good wone
But now on fote nedes must I gone
God in hast amende my chere
Syr Gawayne was armed passynge heuy
On fote myght he not endure cruely
His knyfe he toke in honde
His armour good he cut hym fro
Elles on fote myght he not go
Thus with care was he bonde
Cleue we now syr Gawayne in two
And speke we moze of syr Brandles tho
Whan he with his syster met
He sayd sye on the harlot stronge
It is pyte that thou lyuest so longe
Strypes harde I wyll the set
And bete the bothe backe and syde
And than wolde he not abyde
But to his fader streyte he wente
Than he axed hym how he fared
He sayd sone for the haue I cared
I wende that thou haddest ben wente
Brandles sayd I haue bete my syster
And the knyght I made hym swere
Whan we mete agayne
I'll togyder fyght

Tyll at the laste they wanted lyght
They wyll not what to done
Than sayd syr Bandles that knyght so gawe
Syr knyght we wante lyght of the daye
Therfore I make my mone
If we fyght thus in the derke togyder
Through myshap the one myght sle the other
And therfore by myne assente
Let vs swere on our swerdes hothe
Where that we mete for lese or lothe
If thit we mete in presente
And neuer leue the batayle tyll the one be slayne
I assent me thereto than sayd Gawayne
And ye wyll that it so be
Thus sayd syr Bandles I maye none other do
For suche promyle I made my fader vnto
Therfore this othe make we
I wote that there is no stroke y thou gyuest me
But I haue quyt it spkerly
And thou arte not in my det
Full large of lyuerpe thou arte syr knyght
Neuer none dyde preue so well my myght
We ben euen as we met
Let vs make an othe on our swerdes here
In what place we mete sette or nere
Euen there as eyther other may fynde
Euen so we shall do the batayle biterly
I holde sayd Gawayne by mylde maye
And thus we make an ende
Syr Gawayne take his smerke than

Whan he all sawe he sayd alas
This is euill tydyng
Whan he sawe his fader all bloody
And his.ii. bretherne hurte full spkerly
Alas sayd Bandles than
Who hath done you suche a dyspyte
Tell me in hast that I may hym quyte
For myne herte is wo begone
Then sayd the fader sone I shall the tell
All this hath done a knyght full fell
And layne by thy syster also
He bet me fyre and syre them all
And made vs swere that we ne shall
This day do hym no wo
Now quod Bandles this is pillecome
I ensure you by my holy dome
I shall proue his myght
Were he as stronge as Sampson was
In fadye shall I neuer frome hym pas
Till the one of vs to dethe be dyght
Ye sone Bandles thou shalt not so
Though he haue done wronge let hym
The knyght is passyng sure
I wyll not for moze than I wyll sayne
Se the sy Bandles there llye
For I warrante the he wyll endure
The knyght is stronge and well feght
And whan he hath in his hande a man
He wyll do hym no gilt
But gentyll wordes speke agayne

And eche of them helped other
As well as they myght go
Than the lady gate her a waye
They sawe her neuer after that daye
She wente wandrynge to and fro
Also for Gawayne in his party
On fote he wente full weeryly
Tyll he to the courte came home
All his aduenture he shewed the kynge
That with thole.iiii. knyghtes he had fyghtyng
And eche after other alone
After that tyme they neuer met more
Full glad were these parties therfore
So was there made the ende
I praye god gyue vs all good reste
And thole that haue harde this lytell geste
And in hye heuen for to be dwellynge
And that we all vpon domes daye
Come to the blysse that lasteth aye
Where we maye here the aungelles synge

Imprynted at London in Fleetstreet at the
lygne of saynt Iohanne auugelyst / by me
Iohan Butler.



Of knyghthode thou haste no felow
 On my fapthe I ensure the
 Nowe quod Gawayne let hym be
 And sy? knyght make one othe to me
 That this daye thou do me no greue
 And thou shalte passe from me all quyte
 Where as is nowe thy moost delyte
 Without ony moze represe
 Sy? Terry sayd herto I graunte
 Farewell nowe god be thy warraunte
 Full mekely he wente on fote
 He lefte neuer tyll he came there
 Where his fader and sy? Gylmour were
 That carefull hertes had god wote
 Than spake sy? Gylmour his yongest son
 Sy? thou hast gotten as we haile and none
 That kne we I well it holde to be
 By god sayd sy? Terry so nowe it is
 He is adeuyll forsothe I wote
 And that is preued on me
 Ye quod sy? Gylberde that erle olde
 He is a knyght bothe stronge and bolde
 And fortune is his frende
 My doughters loue he cleue wan
 Therfore I dare well saye he is a man
 And mykell worse than I wende
 As they the stode thus talkyng
 They herde a man full to wode syng
 That all the wode ronge